



(Cover designed by Aaron Cheever)

PN NEWS! International Superstar! MAYUMI OZAKI! and KAORU! make Dean feel funny!
ADAM GOOCH! makes Tom feel funny! JOEL DEATON! SUGAR SATO! AUGUST SMISL!
PIRATA MORGAN! TRACY SMOTHERS! and much much more....

WELCOME TO THE DEATH VALLEY DRIVER VIDEO REVIEW ISSUE #141

Must... publish... more... than... six.... issues... THUS! the turnaround remains respectable even without the promised roundtable (Rippa glares at Phil and Tom) or MMA Year in Review (Rippa glares at Naimark). Most importantly for you, our curious reader, Dean answers the question as to who is the most fuckable Sabu. *shudder* Hit the print button baby, this fucker is
HHHHHHUUUUUGGGGGGEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!

~!~

GAEA 10/17/2003

(by DEAN RASMUSSEN)

I had most of this written out on my computer at home when my computer finally left this mortal coil so welcome, my friend, WELCOME TO THE REWRITE! And luckily I hadn't written about Sugar Sato and Aja yet or I would have been legitimately pissed. Instead, I count my blessings one by one.

Aja Kong/Etsuko Mita vs. Chigusa Nagayo/Sugar Sato

A mostly primer and some powder blue Chevy Duster screams around the corner. A broken bottle of Country Quencher is sticking out of the top of the head of the young man wearing denim- red blood turning the faded blue into a sickeningly dark magenta. Sugar was all tore up with hate, fear and regret. Sugar got out of her car and was crying. She called her dad but hung up quickly, knowing she couldn't bring herself to tell him about it. She knew Big Bill would go off the crazy redneck motherfucker that he was when he wasn't Sugar's daddy and would actually kill Trey - Trey the young man trying to stay conscious as he stumbled into the convenience store to call his friends to pick him up, blood making the Slayer patch indistinguishable from the rest of his two-tones denim jacket.

"That motherfucker. I told him not to do it, but he did it anyway."

Sugar was whispering to herself but in her head she was confused and scared.

"Why did I do that? Why the fuck did I do that? I like Trey. He's cool and he tells me things about himself that he wouldn't share with anyone else. I just don't like him touching me."

She lit up her one-hitter and grabbed the pint bottle of Dickel under carseat. She put on "Green Grass and Hightides Forever" by the Outlaws and tried to see how fast her Duster could go. The faster she went. The faster she went. The faster she went the more she could think clearly.

"I'm just fucked up. That was just fucked up. What the fuck am I doing?"

She hits 95 miles per hour as she takes the big curve at Ballahack Road and crosses over 110 as she hits the straightaway. It's Saturday and she knows the cops are out on Cedar checking for drunks. The weed seeps into her as the Dickel kicks in and she mellow and settled finally and she brings the Duster down to 70. She pulls into Brown's Plumbing and turns back to the Daily Needs Convenience where Trey was last seen struggling to make the door. She floors it again and the giant shot of Dickel used to sting whereas now it glides down. She cuts across Waters Road and tries to fight off the effects of the four shots and the weed and tries to get her head straight for when she tries to explain to Trey why she is so fucked up and crazy. Sugar puts the bottle and the pipe under the front seat and gets it back to 110 as crosses back across Ballahack and onto Portlock Road - where the Daily Needs situates itself between the railroad tracks and the CSX yard. Sugar pulls up and Trey is sitting in front of the adjacent laundry mat, his hand holding a towel with ice on a nasty gash on the top of his head.

"Sugar."

"Trey."

"I'm sorry. And what the fuck? Look at this? What the fuck?"

"I'm sorry. I told you not to touch me like that. I told you I wasn't ready."

"I'm sorry. It's still pretty fucked up. I mean fuck, I love you. I can touch you any way I want to."

"Yeah, I know. I should want you to touch me and I should want to spend the night with you and wake up with you and everything..."

"Well, I can't make you want to fuck me. I can't you want to love me. I don't know what I have to do. You know I walk the fucking line for you. You know I don't do half the stupid shit I used to do just so you'll be happy. Hell, you do more shit than I do anymore and I don't even care. I just want you."

"I know, Trey, and don't think I don't know how you feel for me and what you've done for me. I don't know what the fuck this is. I've never felt like this with anyone - it just freaks me out when you want to do more than just kiss me and hold me. I mean, I don't mind doing things for you...."

"See I ain't talking about that shit. I know you do those things for me and you want me to happy and stuff. I'm talking about me being a man and you being my woman and us doing things that men and women in love do. You never let me close enough. I ain't even talking about fucking, I'm talking about you loving me like I love you."

"I'm fucked up and confused about this whole thing tonight. I'm think I'm going fucking crazy or something. You want me drive you over to the hospital?"

"That's alright. Chad will be here in a minute to pick me up. I don't want you there in case they ask some questions. I'll be alright. I'll call you tomorrow."

"Alright, baby. I'm sorry. I'll get this shit straight"

"Sugar, I love you."

"I love you too."

Sugar knew she was just saying the words. Sugar also knew that Trey wasn't just saying the words and it tore her all up inside. Men like Trey don't come along everyday. If a woman ever did to her daddy what she did to Trey, that woman have been beaten to within an inch of her life. And Sugar could see it as just. It fucked with her and she drove for a while and drank some more Dickel and tried to figure out what was wrong with her and her wild desires and how they fray against the chains she had put on her heart. It was 12:30 at night and she knew her Aunt Aja was just breaking up her weekly poker game. Sugar figured she could see if her dad was there and she could talk to him. He usually stayed till one and they went to Jerry's to get with whoever he was fucking that month. Sugar figured she could get to Nuckols Road in fifteen minutes if she leaned on it across Massaponax Road. The Duster pulled up Aunt Aja's dirt driveway that circled through a couple oak trees way off the road to the porch where Aunt Aja had already seen her guests off and was sitting in the August night drinking a glass of RC and Vodka.

"Hey Sugar, what are you doing out here this time of night?"

"Yeah, it's late. Daddy been round?"

"He left round 11:00. Had to see one of those divorcees he's always sniffing around."

"Aja, that's no way to talk."

Sugar laughed and Aja laughed.

"What happened, Sugar? You been drinking and you look upset? Where's Trey?"

"Well, some shit happened. You know."

"Come inside. You can tell me."

"Yeah, sure, if you can stand it."

Sugar walked into Aunt Aja's house and it was two floors filled with couches and rooms and memories of the kids she raised and family she had over and long nights drinking and laughing or sitting in the dark on a Saturday watching a movie on TV as Sugar and all her cousins would lay around on the cushions and watch TV after playing in Aja's big yard all day, and they would all fall asleep while the aunts and uncles and Sugar's daddy would play poker and laugh and drink. That was a while ago and the cousins don't come over anymore on Saturdays, but Sugar could always talk to Aunt Aja.

"Well, I hit him in the head with a wine bottle and it kinda stuck to the top of his head."

"My Lord, what caused that? What did he do to you?"

"Well, this is kinda hard to talk about...."

"Is it a sex thing? I been there, honey darlin'. You can tell me."

"Well, I had just finished... you know... an oral deal on him...."

"Okay, I know what that is."

"Well, usually that keeps him satisfied and we just kinda hold each other and listen to the radio and it's nice."

"Okay. What happened this time?"

" Well, he got all hellbent on 'satisfying' me and started rubbing on my pants and then started trying to... you know..."

"Fingering."

"Yeah. I told him to stop a couple of times. I couldn't stand it that he was touching me like that and finally I grabbed the bottle of what we were drinking and"

"You alright? Do you want me call your daddy? I think I know he might be."

"I'm not alright. What's wrong with me? He wasn't trying that for his own pleasure. He was done. He was trying to do it for me."

"That's where you're wrong, Sugar. He's scared that he doesn't own you yet. He hasn't gotten you addicted to him physically but he's addicted to you physically. It's driving him crazy."

"I don't think it's that. He usually doesn't do anything like that..."

"He thinks he's in love. Sugar, I been there. Don't go there. Don't force yourself to think you are in love with someone because they think they are in love with you. I did that with your uncle and let me tell you Sugar, I regret it everyday of my life. Your heart is telling you everything I need to know."

"It is telling me that I need to be more like you, Aunt Aja - wise and strong."

"Well, I been through some shit you will never have to go through. I never met my daddy and my mama died before I ever met a good man like your daddy's brother. When I was growing up, folks didn't take to me being half black. I want you to be as strong as me, but to do that, you would have to go THROUGH me."

"How can I go through you? Even when I was growing up, you were the power, the force of the family. How can I go through you? I don't understand..."

"Well, I not getting any younger. I need to pass my power and wisdom to you now. I need you to be my heir and keeper of the family. There are things you have to get through. First you got to get through THIS!"

And Aja spins and crushes Sugar's head with a roundhouse and Sugar sprawls to the floor. As she gets to her feet after regaining consciousness, Sugar smiles and kisses Aunt Aja's cheek.

"I'll see you next week."

Carlos Amano vs. Sakura Hirota

I usually blow these matches off because life is short and God knows I'm not getting any younger and these things usually don't make me laugh or anything, thus making them a dismal cross-cultural failure as Sakura Hirota will never be revered by US Puroresu followers the same way that Jerry Lewis is regarded by the French. So "C'est La Vie" as we use to say in French class. But this one I actually watched and actually didn't hate. Amano is always neato and Hirota kinda tried to do all these physically complex spots that were ludicrous but connected to me in a way that one appreciates Buster Keaton being a waiter, tripping, and not spilling the water glass on his tray. Then Amano takes a shot at being the Joshi Brandi Chastain by attempting to rip off her own top, but Hirota gets her in her reverse Tequila Sunrise Suplex and that SHOULD have gotten her mad phat heel heat for not allowing young Carlos unleash her boobies. Instead it's

kinda charming and innocent - a quality that one can dig when faced with the brutality of this every day life we all live. They do a thousand roll-ups for the Amano win.

Lioness Asuka/Meiko Satomura vs. Mayumi Ozaki/KAORU

Mayumi Ozaki and KAORU are damn good-lookin'. They can wrestle they asses off but I cannot deny my appreciation of beautiful things. WHY WOULD I ?!?! Why would I deny myself the pleasure of beauty.... Wildflowers in the summer as they grow across entire fields as you drive around rural Virginia is beautiful. Beautiful. The way octopus change colors to stay camouflaged every second as they glide along the bottom of the sea is beautiful. Beautiful. Mayumi Ozaki in leather shorts and a ripped up "Rock Rules!" T-shirt is beautiful. Beautiful. Yes it is. KAORU and Oz are my current favorite tag team because they are really mean and nasty while brawling like complete motherfuckers, with Oz being the total ass-beater while KAORU is like the most fuckable Sabu EVER (sorta) flying through tables and killing motherfuckers. It plays off their glam, nihilistic Eurotrash image and it all REALLY hurts the integrity of the in-seam stitching of any man worth his salt. And KAORU with the leather hiphuggers and the halter top... anyway, Meiko Satomura is sporting the tiny pants to try to deflect the emblazoned lust of the audience and gets beaten up for coming out too early. Lioness rushes out after much damage has been done and Meiko makes a comeback with a dropkick to each perfect face and then a crushing plancha that misses the target but kills Lioness. Lioness and OZ start brawling through the crowd and it fucking rocks as they really start beating the living crap out of each other. KAORU is murdering Meiko and she throws her in the ring and moonsaults young Meiko twice and then hits a third and then a fourth and then KAORU argues with the Hot Art Chick Ref allowing Meiko to get to her feet and hit the truly gnarley spin kick to the back of the head and makes the tag. Lioness gets on offense and crushes KAORU with a powerbomb but OZ make the save and then PoliceMan interferes and he/she then takes a kick from Ayako Hamada at ringside. KAORU hurricanranas to offense and tags in OZ and they continue beating on Lioness, cutting her off at every comeback and cheating like absolute UltraVixens while doing it. Lioness finally hits a lariat to offense and she and Meiko lariat Oz against the customized table. Meiko catches a Urican but cuts Oz off with Bicycle Kick thingy and a Death Valley Bomb. Police interferes again to save OZ to lead up to Hot Art Chick Ref and Team High Spurt arguing over OZ's attempt to use her red chain, allowing Meiko to get in a kick and another Death Valley Bomb. Lioness holds Oz, who ducks a Meiko Axekick and Lioness sprawls to the floor, only to be handcuffed to the railing. Team High Spurt hits the Most Blindness Inducing Version Of The Eliminators' SuperBomb ever for two. Meiko fights off Oz with another Bicycle kick and DVB and then just starts kicking motherfuckers as she fights both of them off. Oz finally fights out of the DVB with a variation of the Triangle hold and hits her Shining Wizard. She hits a Urican with a nightstick but the Hot Art Chick Ref refuses to count it because IT'S CHEATING AND SHE SAW IT AND SHE DON'T PLAY THAT! so they REALLY start cheating with the triple teams. MEANWHILE, Lioness rips the railing apart and gets loose but they catch her and handcuff her to the bottom rope. Oz gets fed up with the Hot Art Chick Ref and uricans her with a chain, getting them DQed. No longer giving a fuck about winning, Team Hubba Hubba beats Meiko to death with chairs. Postmatch, everybody really hates everybody else and it fucking rules like it should rule when you watch the motherfucking professional wrestling. KAORU and Oz call the Hot Art Chick Ref a bunch of names and generally show off their bare midriffs to the splurty

sounds of youthful Japanese boys suddenly becoming newly-minted men. Meiko was great in this but the evil of KAORU and OZ made me love them as much as a wrestling fan can love two wrestlers. Whether they are hot as all living hell or not, ROCK! Interviews with KAORU and Oz are just masterful studies in hot minky vixenness and you CANNOT think of enough baseball stats to truly contain your wood. YOUR wood.

Chikayo Nagashima/Lioness Asuka vs. Manami Toyota/Mima Shimoda

This match was fun. THE MEGA RIDE! Chikayo hates Manami and Manami hates Chikayo and they are gonna go at it for the belt at some point so they beat the living dogshit out of each other in this tag match. Mima Shimoda needs to... God, I'm TRYING to not to get, you know, CREEPY about it... oh well fuck it, it's too late... she needs to go back to tinier pants if she is gonna be following KAORU and OZ into the ring these days, because she might as well be wearing a ski jacket and overalls with that get up. Plus her brawling skills compare as favorably to OZ as her wardrobe does. Not that Lioness doesn't bring out the best in the LCO. Not that it stops them from doing five consecutive lame spots with Mima's chair - shit so crappy Rob Van Dam was at home saying, "I'm not buying that contrived chair spot. Not at all, dude. HONEY! Where's my 14 pronged huka? Yeah, the one with the Phish designs on it! Thanks, I love you..." Chikayo tags in and opts to just start suplexing the deadweight in the match that is Mima Shimoda. Toyota sucker punches Chikayo from the apron and you KNOW it's gonna be fun. Chikayo does some lowgrade flying and the Tarantula until Mima FINALLY tags Manami who fucking KILLS Chikayo with a dropkick through the ropes and two off the toprope - with Chikayo just leaning into them like a Spartan Warrior. Mima opts to bring a bit of bitchiness with the kicks to the head while Chikayo is be tied up by Manami in assorted lucha submissions. Fianlly they get to a vertical base and they do the fun smacking each other upside the head spot and Chikayo uses her superior speed to avoid Manami until Manami finally gets ahold of her and uses her strength and size and WILLINGNESS TO JUST FUCKING DIE BY JUMPING OFF THE TOPROPE TO THE FLOOR to kill young Chikayo. Manami throws her back in and hits some more missile dropkicks. The last dropkick looks like it legit hurt Manami on the landing because they both quickly tag out and Mima actually is far better in this section breaking, spindling and crimping Lioness's knee. Chikayo misses a toprope dropkick to save Lioness and they take it to the floor and Mima and Lioness take turns bashing each other's head on the wall. Manami dives off a ramping and crushes Chikayo against the back row of seats. Chikayo slips while running at Manami with a chair and Manami recovers for her by standing on her throat and stomach and then kicking her in the face while standing on her stomach and I can't really think of anything more balls out than that. Mima goes back to crappy chair based things that aren't the simple beauty of beating someone over the head with them. Lioness powerbombs Mima after Mima misses a missile dropkick on the chairs. Lioness kicks her in the head and is setting up something with the table until Chikayo and Manami both missile dropkick their respective opponents out of the ring to set up the big singles match-esque finish. Manami hits a fucking GNARLY German that Chikayo pops up immediately from and they suplex each other until both feel the need to sell them. Chikayo takes out Chikayo's knee and hits the double stomp off the toprope that Manami sells by immediately going into a Rolling Cradle. Manami hits the Muta Moonsault for two and can't procure the Japanese Ocean Cyclone Suplex before Lioness comes in and crushes her skull with a kick. Then Mima hits her in the head with a chair and

Chikayo follows up with a Northern Lights Bomb to set up Lioness to hit a Towerhacker Powerbomb with the somersault moonsault flourish by Nagashima for two. Manami counters another NLB with a German and they go into roll-ups out of counters to the Queen Bee Bomb and NLB until Manami final MURDERZ Chikayo with a QBB but Lioness makes the save. Manami goes for the coupe de grace with her classic finisher - the Japanese Ocean Cyclone Suplex - but Chikayo counters into a roll-up for three. Except for the two goofy no-selling parts, this match REALLY made me want to see Chikayo Nagashima vs. Manami Toyota and that's what this was supposed to be about. Postmatch, Manami is in a snit and says unkind things to Chikayo. Aja comes out and talks shit some too. I love GAEA.

~!~

Classic Lucha (March 1990) – Part 2

(by PHIL RIPPA)

I can't promise I won't get angry but I can try.

Atlantis/Villano III/El Satanico vs. Pirata Morgan/Jerry Estrada/Emilio Charles Jr.

The brief bios on each wrestler are really great, especially when you can read Spanish. Pirata Morgan is really porking out at 97 Kilos – it must be the patch. The two squads haven't waited for the intros or the whistle and get right to smacking each other around. Primera Caída is all rudos. Satanico angrily shaking his finger while holding his crotch is probably the highlight. Though I personally dig the Morgan top rope splash – I especially like how he tucks his arms against his body like he was in freefall.

Because, well, they are evil, the rudos are still laying waste to start the next fall. The tecnicos slowly start to make their way into the match. Morgan starts bumping huge for Atlantis and I am also sorts of scanning my tapes for all the early Pirata Morgan that I didn't watch. After Morgan goes to the outside praying that all body parts are still in tact, Satanico and Estrada – who have been going back and forth all match – do some quick exchanges, ending with the teasing of a Estrada bump to nowhere. It's probably best that they didn't go with the full payoff. Poor dead little Jerry Estrada. GOD! Emilio wasn't afraid to take the world's greatest charge into the corner bump. The order of falls here is: Satanico gets Estrada to tap. Atlantis pins Morgan after a moonsault and Villano III gets his pin over Emilio with a top rope armdrag.

We have a slow building third caída as the rudos are reluctant to get back into the ring. Our heroes grow impatient and head to the outside themselves. Oh yeah. IT'S A TRAP! Poor poor stupid tecnicos. Villano III manages to wise up the quickest and move things back into the ring where he quickly gains the advantage. The way things are working now is that the tecnico is getting the upper hand, goes for a submission and a rudo makes the save for his partner. Lather. Rise. Repeat. Finally, Emilio Charles Jr. decides to try this submission thing out himself. This possibly leads to the greatest thing ever as Villano III comes in and starts urging Satanico not to tap. Now I am already a huge mark for the cheerleading spot but III took it to a whole new level when he just goes "Fuck It" and punches Charles right in the face. Pirata Morgan continues the I'm-not-doing-the-highflying-I'm-just-going-to-make-Atlantis-look-like-a- lucha-God

trend and its good. Lost in the shuffle, because everyone else ends up on the outside, is Jerry Estrada who hits an ENORMOUS top rope senton on Satanico and that is all she wrote. Well for the match at least. The postmatch is setting up what appears to be a Satanico/Estrada singles match, complete with Estrada blindsiding Satanico and then taking a breather in a front row seat as to not get his ass beat.

Angel Azteca/Americo Rocca/Javier Cruz vs. Chavo Guerrero/El Dandy/El Texano

Well considering how much the first time these teams meet on this tape ruled, this should be all sorts of outstanding. The fine Arena Mexico folks love all these guys so it will be interesting to see how the reaction goes throughout the match as it seemed like they were turning on Azteca by the end of the last match. We get right back to the important story for these matches – El Dandy vs. Angel Azteca. Hehehehe – if they keep the balls to the wall great lucha matwork up, I am going to have to change my shorts. El Dandy, who is my Mexican Joe Malenko, does the pure neck bridge to avoid a pin. This opening section is so much greater than the last one and I loved the shit out of that. Dandy really does need to fix his trucks as they are riding uncomfortably high. Uncomfortably for me that is. So much ass cheek. Much like before, Azteca and Dandy's tempers start to flare as both are realizing that they aren't gaining the advantage and it takes everyone to calm them down and keep this a straight wrestling match. Cruz and Texano get in and, instead of doing mirror spots to death, do a knucklelock sequence about as well as you would ever want two guys to do one. I grow frustrated with myself when reviewing lucha because there is so much elaborate and great stuff that you really want to see and know about that I can't find the proper words to describe. Like the swanky armdrag/leg sweep thingy that Texano does. As you can tell this leaves Rocca and Guerrero to partner up – sadly, the both look as if father time is starting to catch up with them. I mean Chavo is 205 (more likely 41 or so) and I think Rocca was born old. It doesn't help that Rocca takes an awkward fall to the outside and lands weird and has his ass rubbed by his teammates. There is lots of confusion. I fear the match losing it all right here. Then it is saved as Azteca and Dandy engage in a stalemate of armdrags culminating in a perplexed Dandy shoving Azteca down because nothing else has worked. Everyone is all rushing around calming things down. Oh such sweet hate. We take another dip in the action as the expected Mirror Sequence isn't as crisp with a couple of really blown things. Dandy charges in and gets eats about four dropkicks, including a super top rope one from Javier Cruz that costs his team the caida.

We mix things up in the second caida as new partners start to dance – Texano vs. Rocca, Lizmark vs. Chavo and Dandy tries his luck with Javier Cruz. The Texano/Rocca section is really fun as Rocca suddenly shakes off the aging slumber and starts to get his lucha groove on. No side gains an early advantage and the two teams stay locked in this stalemate until Dandy and Texano turn it up a notch and suddenly destroy Rocca and Cruz leaving Angel Azteca to fend for himself for a minutes. Dandy seeks his vengeance – a butterfly suplex only gets two. Dandy applies the head scissor figuring “Hey, it got me a fall against him before”. Azteca manages to escape this time. The affair gets back to 6-on-6 but not for very long as everyone who isn't named El Dandy and Angel Azteca ends up on the floor (with the camera crew missing the Texano highspot AGAIN.) Dandy gets several near falls – the closest coming after Azteca misses a corner charge and looked to knock himself into next week. Azteca misses a moonsault

but Dandy can't capitalize on it. Eventually, all the missed chances catch up to Dandy as Azteca gets the flash pin and these two each have a win over the other. I smell singles match.

The first fall is much better than the first fall of the previous week's show. As for the rest of the match, I am not so sure about. I think I might take last week's, though it did have the shitty ending. The execution dropped off for the second caida and there was some noticeable awkward moments. Plus, the extra fall of the first match gave it a little something - though it did have the shitty ending. Still, both matches were the best things on each show.

Ken Timbs/Policia De Los Angeles vs. Lizmark/Soloman Grundy/Rayo De Jalisco Jr.
Well, at least they are starting to pair up the folks who can't work. I know you don't care about this match. I mean no one is making a Best of Soloman Grundy tape. Though there probably is and that will make me sad. For me to get into a Rayo match, I really have to be into the opponents. You can see for yourself. It's all bouncing off the fat guy and fat guy splashes. There is a near riot at the end - a lot of it due to Timbs working over the arm of the ref. You can live happily just fast forwarding to the start of the next week.

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RESLO - 1995 Part 1

(by DEAN RASMUSSEN)

Yes, my computer died a grisly death. With the auxillary computer I had laying around, I decided to just borrow the Windows 2000 disc from work and load it and suspend my love affair with Linux until I get a new computer. I am digging the things I couldn't figure out how to work with the opensource thorn in the side of Microsoft. Sure it's the operating system of the Man but my kids CD ROMs work now and my wife can listen to those extra things from All Things Considered website that they always talk about but are only heard through Real Audio. When my wife and kids are gone to her mother's house this weekend, maybe I'll see if I can stream some of that pronography I keep reading about. The future is bountiful ocean that I sail upon. Hey, since I last had Spinner, it has added a Gay Pride station so I can catch up on who came out the closet since I left and I can also listen to all that non-Husker Du Bob Mould.

ANYHOOS...

Bryn Fon is your host and he is speaking Gaelic or Walic or Welsh or whatever is the native tongue of Wales is. Rippa got this from Dan who got it somebody and we all rejoice. WELSH~!
RESLO~!

Disco Damien vs. Danny Boy Collins

Disco Damien is supposedly a 12 year old Doc Dean and he comes out with the Hot As Smelted Sheffield Iron Ore dancing ladies and they do a proto-Magnum Tokyo dance and it rules your world as you jump up and dance to the wrestling in the ring 8 years ago - as they groove to the Euro-disco beat. Danny Boy Collins is that guy that wrestled on the Michinoku Pro tour that led up to the Johnny Saint matches that made everyone fall in love with the EuroMATrickedOUTfreakOUT that Saint brought to the table and this FEVER lives to this very day. Doc Dean has short hair in the front and very long hair in the back and looks kinda like

what the Feral Boy from "The Road Warrior" must look like today. Collins starts with the big diving headbutt and does a spin kick and a snapmare and they kinda do some sloppy roll upish things and you kinda get that whole indie version of New Japan juniors that didn't hit these shores until 1997. Collins breaks up the indie-ishness with some nice gutwrench bodyslams and Doc starts kicking Collins hard in the breadbasket. Then they go back to Christian York vs. Mark "The Shark" Shrader circa 1996-level indiness. Then they go back to un-indy stiffness. And it goes back and forth. This ends up being the best possible Lance Diamond vs Cheetah Master WCW Pro dark match. With better commentary. Doc Dean wins with a nice little reverse crossbody block and they go to a commercial. I'm guessing that "Nol Mewn Munud" means "We'll be right back!"

Legend of Doom/Jesse James/Hollywood Blond vs. Rocky (Dave) Taylor/Dale Preston/Raging Bull (PN News)

Legend of Doom is Johnny South dressing up just like Road Warrior Hawk. Hollywood Blond is thought to maybe be Ulf Herman dressed as The Man Called Sting - the maaaaaaan called Stinnnnng! PN News is PN News and, sorry folks, PN News didn't suck in the ring. He's good here. Really. I wanted him to suck so I could divert my attention from the super comical bush league antics of having Guys Who Dress As A More Famous Wrestler wrestlers that permeate this match. Sorry. He's perfectly fine and doesn't distract me not even one iota from Not Even The Actual SuckAss Hawk. God, it's like going to MCW and having a guy whose gimmick is to look and act and wrestle like Bill Demott. It is confusion and it is WRONG. Dale Preston MIGHT be doing an Eddie Gilbert gimmick - no I think he might just vaguely resembles him. Dale kicks the quite generic Jesse James and gives him a sound thrashing! Dave Taylor comes out just as the San Francisco Gay Chorus version of "We Are The Champions" plays on my Spinner and it all blends in with the three beers I've had into this surreal moment of British wrestling - my love of Queen and my love of beer smashing together in this corner of my desk. And my mind split open and I loved everything and the whole world and all the people in it. Dave Taylor motherfucking rules and he is the champion... OF THE WORLD! PN News bumps big for Hollywood Not Sting and then beats the crap out of Jesse James with a lariat and eliminates him. COOL! Oh yeah, this is an elimination match. PN News hits the SWEET elbow off the apron and then bumps big over the rail. Hollywood Blond IS Ulf Herman, as he does that somersault plancha off the apron that he did against Ultimate Warrior back when he carried UW to the Miracle Match of Europe on that fucking weird assedly cool Return Of The Warrior tape I got that time back in the day. Ulf sells Dale Preston's funny lariat and then completely and flamboyantly Flairs over the top rope after the Irish whip and catapults himself into a shoulderblock onto Dale and eliminates him with the grapevining of the leg. Now the question I have for you is, why is it that Ulf Herman could look really good here and could carry THE MOTHERFUCKING ULTIMATE WARRIOR to a good match but would suck so much ass when he went to ECW? Anyway, while you ponder that conundrum, PN News comes in and Side Suplexes Ulf and then sits on him with his real big really big big real big fat PN News ass and hits a comical lariat before redeeming himself by taking a fat assed belly to back off the top when Ulf catches him going up top. Ulf then falls down for some reason and PN News steps in his throat. Ulf tries to body slam News but falls over backwards but rolls through into a pinning combination for the elimination of the man who had said earlier in his life YO BABY YO BABY

YO BABY YO! Dave Taylor comes in and makes with the uppercut and the Octopus Hold into a Canyon-ized Type Slam for the pin and NOW it's down to DAVE MOTHERFUCKING TAYLOR versus a guy dressed up as Road Warrior Hawk. Taylor just fucking rules it flying into the corner and missing on the reverse Crossbody block. Legend Of Doom is meandering in this and doesn't look like the lost Euro Grapster that I was hoping for - though the word I got was that he was a good wrestler back in the day but was kinda down to doing this after his career - and British wrestling in general - hit the skids. The ending is fun as Taylor leverages out of two attempts at a suplex by South - who has him in a front facelock, so LoD just does a DDT and Taylor leans into it like he is Dave Taylor or something. And there rolls the credits and we have experienced our first taste of the Reslo!

~!~

IWA - Mid-South

(by TOM KARRO-GASNER)

(Editor's Note: There is just too much baffling Tom nonsense to edit this piece into something resembling coherent thought. I gave up after he spelled the guy from Harley Race's fed three different ways in less than 12 words. You will thank me for this later. WINDSOME STRANGER!)

I guess I should start off with some background on how this thing got written. Originally the idea was to do this as a round table with, I think, Dean starting it. But of course Dean is always trying to hold the young talent down and so that never happened. Meanwhile, I went temporarily insane as I have a tendency to do, as I tried to start the Cult of Adam Gooch and started writing long pieces about Adam Gooch and magical antelopes, Adam Gooch and the meaning of the universe, haiku's about Adam Gooch's 619s etc. Eventually I was able to write about the non-Gooch sections of the "No Blood No Guts no Glory" show. While I still haven't found a way to write meaningfully about the Adam Gooch sections of the show without rambling into incoherence, I have tried to cut and paste the least rambling Gooch screeds into this thing.

This is the IWA's annual "No Blood, No Guts, No Glory show." This year it takes on extra meaning as "Old Man Charlie", the IWA-MS regular (you may remember him as the old man in the odd foam bat hat from Hero vs. American Kickboxer) had recently passed away. After Ian does a neat "state of the IWA" speech (remember the episode of Raw where Vince came out and did like a speech to the stockholders where he blamed everyone but himself for the WWFs condition and said "ruthless aggression" a lot and it sucked...this was nothing like that, as Ian presents himself and the promotion as being part of a growing family so this is like the best high school coach ever talking about how we all pitch in together to make this work), he delivers a eulogy for Charlie. And the whole show becomes dedicated to Charlie's memory.

"Somewhere tonight, Charlie's gonna leave here. He's gonna go to a wrestling show in Heaven...and Tojo Yamamoto, you fucker, you better watch out, cause Charlie's on the prowl!"

BRAD BRADLEY vs. MARC GOTTICKER

Hey it's Marck Goodecker from Harley Race's WLW. Goodicker is no Josh Besore but he's a fine basic lil Harley Race trained junior. He's wearing tights designed by Keith Herring and working as a basic underdog babyface with lots of dropkicks and an occasional slightly unbelievable suplex on the bigger Bradley.

When I first was exposed to Brad Bradley he was a big green wrestler with neat suplexes and a couple cool Euro reversals who struggled to run the ropes. He also used to wear a pair of khaki pleated dockers and a leather belt to the ring. Not a cowboy leather belt, but a nice black leather belt...the kind you'd wear with dockers. Brad Bradley now wrestles in a singlet and was working a big guy heel offense with lots of kicks and clotheslines. I miss the chinos look on Bradley but this is fine opening match with basic big guy heel vs. underdog babyface.

JAYDEN DRAYGO vs. ADAM GOOCH
I LOVE THIS MATCH!!!!

Jayden Draygo has a pony tail and looks like a guy who is way too into Dungeons and Dragons. The kind of guy who works as a pizza delivery guy but doesn't identify or talk with the other workers, although he occasionally mumbles about how he's saving his money to buy an "authentic" sword. If you asked him if he was supposed to be wrestling as a heel or a face, he'd tell you he was "chaotic evil" or some such. He should have a roll of the dice with a pumphandle as a finisher. "He beat him with the 12 sided die"

Adam Gooch also looks like a guy who should be a pizza delivery guy. Kind of genial goofy, lanky guy, prematurely balding but lots of fun to work with. We all worked next to him at one point, in some mind numbing service economy job. The guy who'd answer the phone with funny voices and figured out how to blow cigarette smoke through a straw into the pizza boxes and make you laugh. He's wearing a shirt that says, "I still chew my collars" and you got to love that.

If this was Chikara Pro, both guys would be wrestling as slightly malevolent pizza delivery mascots...and this would be the Noid contra Bad Andy. I have seen a bunch of Hitpoints Draygo and Adam Gooch over the last couple years and neither of them ever really stood out to me. Somehow when put in the ring together, I saw them both in a whole new light and it all made sense.

Raven Mack runs a tape review site with a couple of folks. They have posted rules of law including Law Number FIVE: Triple H is not what a wrestler is supposed to look like; Dick Murdoch is what a wrestler is supposed to look like.

There is a lot of insight into what wrestling is and should be in that rule. Wrestling isn't the traditional fairytale about the hero leaving the village to go off into the dark forest. Fuck the bourgeois villagers; this is about the deep forest for those of us who live in the forest. Wrestling is where Ric Flair, son of a well to do doctor can't be trusted. He goes into the woods to the deep forest of Blackjack's family picnic. And the hero of this story isn't the guy from the village, the hero is the guy in the deep forest.

Hollywood can never tell that story. Hollywood is always about fear of the forest...fear of the savage Indian, the unemployed rural folks of the Deliverance/I Spit on Your Grave. These folks don't live by the same sets of laws as the children of doctors. The world would be a better place if they could just destroy the other. Nature would be nice if the only people you had to deal with were middle class college grads. And well they've succeeded. LL Bean hires college grads to be FREE kayak guides..to convince you to buy their merchandise. Where are the doctors sons gonna go when they need to put a bounty on someone? My local Bowl America where the obese meth snorting fry cook introduced me to the third wave of Finnish hardcore music, is now a 21 and over bowling alley/ nightclub with a sous chef and the lanes aren't even well maintained. There are no arcades, just Dave and Busters. The only place left for kids to get hooked on meth and learn about hardcore music is the alleys behind 7-11s. The Dick Murdochs, the Blackjacks and Wahoos have been pushed further and further out and the sons of doctors can live their whole lives without ever interacting with them.

So the other day I'm watching this shitty One Hour Photo movie where the dark forest is the local strip mall. Cause the sons of doctors still have to interact with people stuck in the current shitty service economy. Those guys, the pizza delivery boys, the photo shop workers...the sons of doctors, the Hollywood types, the Las Vegas heartthrobs still have to interact with those people. And they're scary...they don't live under the same laws, don't have same concerns and well...

Triple H spends his nights having nightmares about them. Helmsleys life would be so beautiful if it was just made up of people who lived by his principles. If the world were just made up of the likes of men built of roids and who fear their hair loss like Steiner, Savage and Vince. If the world were only filled with shemales constructed out of male growth hormone with silicone distinguish them from the men. Oh life would be so perfect for him then.

But at night he worries. He has nightmares about the people who live outside his world. Nightmares about the Phillipino girl working at Chinos trying to explain how to accessorize to Linda.

Nightmares about the delivery boys that Stephany is always calling for.

Nightmares about the guy at CVS who does the photo processing for his monthly "Kowalski School reunion" camping trips with Albert and Saturn.

Nightmares about the junkie Puerto Rican at the Gap... why is that salesman always telling Helmsley to stop buying Jeans with Whiskers?. He always says "cats have whiskers, Meester". What does that mean? Why would a salesman tell you not to buy a product. Helmsley likes his jeans with whiskers. He doesn't understand.

These folks are unpredictable to Helmsley. They don't live by the same laws. Somehow he knows deep down that Helmsley vs Scott Steiner is not what wrestling is supposed to look like.

He sees that there is a straight line between Wahoo vs. Murdoch and Draygo vs. Gooch that completely bypasses Helmsley.

Draygo vs. Gooch isn't as good as Wahoo vs. Murdoch but you can see the potential there hiding under the surface. A couple nice tight headlocks, the face/heel structure, the way Draygo breaks up every rope running segment, Gooch's tope con hilo and rope walk into rana...

This may not be the future of wrestling, but it might just be the future of America.

MATT MURPHY vs. CHRIS HERO

Prazac on commentary refers to Murphy as catlike. I've never heard a wrestling announcer refer to a white wrestler as catlike before. Is Murphy working an octaroon gimmick?

Matt Murphy looks really sharp here. Matt is playing smaller heel to bigger Hero. They even do the super-old old school Murphy can't body slam Hero spot...and somewhere Super Porky smiles.

Figure Dean and Phil will discuss Hero and the great forearm exchange section, so I'm going to talk about Murphy instead.

Murphy does a bunch of neat heelish things, including telling the IWA-MS fans to put out there cigarettes while he's wrestling. All of his strikes look really good (other than the ones when Hero is doing the Andre spot tied in the ropes...which I think Hero should have left as an exclusive CM Punk spot anyway but...) and somehow he pulls off a crossbody as a heel spot.

My favorite spot in the match is when Hero tries to pull Murphy into the ring by the ropes... and Murphy lets go of the ropes to knee Hero in the head.

I don't much care for the finish of the match but Murphy sells a low blow all the way to the back. I appreciate that kind of thing.

TOO TOUGH TONY vs. CORPORAL ROBINSON

These are two of my favorite IWA MS workers. Both guys are top of the line brawlers who know how to make their punches and clotheslines both look good and seem meaningful.

That said this match was kind of paced like an indy "what-will-it-take-to-put-him-away" juniors match complete with Guerrero/Malenko roll up section. Added to that (while the last three matches were face/heel) this is worked face/face. Plus it has the wrestler tries hits opponent with opponents own finisher spot that's annoyingly cliché. Not to mention that it has tornado DDTs and superkicks in it.

So it's a face-vs- face- "what-will-it-take-to-put-him-away"-match-with -Malenko-Guerrero -roll-ups -missed-clotheslines- with-tornado-DDTs-superkicks-ending-with-guys

hitting-each-others-finishers-and-then- ending-with –mutual-respect. AW FUCK!!!! That may be my least favorite way to lay out a match.

Instead of bigger and bigger US indy-AJ headdrops, Tony and the Corporal do bigger and bigger garbage spots. Despite this being a match type that I don't much care for (actively hate) this kind of does work, and simply because the two have nice grasp of basics this is better than a lot matches in this genre.

Too Tough Tony seems to have lost a lot of weight, as he seems less pudgy. The tornado DDT and the superkick actually look decent and all their other offense is really crisp.

I often times don't much dig Too Tough Tony's aerial offense as his Sabu legdrop spot and plancha can be hit and miss, both look really good here. All the big bumps look suitably nasty and build well (at least they build a lot better than that CZW 4 way iron match... feint praise).

While most matches built like these tend to be spot-spot-spot-now you do spot-spot-spot-spot...wait wait now me again....Robinson and Tony actually know how to brawl meaningfully so they're not just taking turns on offense.

I really dug the initial big bumps, nasty suplex onto chairs and a NARSTY brainbuster onto a chair. I also liked the disturbo imagery in the match: Corporal staples a dollar to Tony's cheek, Tony does crowns gate onto thumbtack wiffle ball bat leaving thumbtacks in Corporals neck.

I didn't like the two count roll ups and I didn't much care for the Corporal tries to do crowns gate on Tony, Tony tries to do boot camp on Corporal section. Two guys I like stuck in a match genre that I HATE.

TRACY SMOTHERS vs. JAIME DUNDEE

"Will yawl shut up!! I'm trying to WORK here."

Tracy Smothers is returning from an injury that kept him out of the ring for six months. Jamie Dundee is introduced as being half of "world renowned tag team PG-13". Dundee has his name tattooed on his back and there is no reason he shouldn't be headlining sold out houses across the Gulas-Welch territory. He should be managing the Disciples of the New Church in TNA; he can do creepier mic work than Mitchell. It should be him instead of Edge going long with Angle on Smackdown.

Tracy Smothers gets on the mic does this great promo where he manages to get over that his opponent is formidable "you're a former ten time champion", that he is the man and that he hates the fans as he challenges everyone to fight him out back.

"and if I hear any of you jackoffs say Tracy sucks—I'll personally go slap each and everyone of you....first time I here you say JC, JC, I'm gonna commit ultra mega double mass homicide"

Tracey keeps on egging on the fans goes to shadow box with them, dances, poses, stalls, responds to crowd taunts etc. "I'm gonna give you the wrestling lesson of your life".

JC Ice watches Tracey stalling and well Dundee knows how to work this kind of match in his sleep. He poses, gets the mic; "I may be little but I don't give a damn and you wanna know something...Tracey sucks!!!"

Man they have the fans in the palm of their hands. About 11 minutes after bell time and the two lock up collar and elbow, Tracey complains about hair pull. "That's called working. "

They do a second lock up, go behind headscissors etc with Tracey trying to struggle out of Jacey's take downs. They do several headlock exchanges again with Jacey (the face) showing his wrestling superiority by getting the better of them. The cheating Tracey complains about trunk and hair pulls.

Tracey wins one exchange and JC one-ups him by mockingly complaining about hair pulling...and two can play at this game.

Dundee hits a better powerslam than Edge. Goes for the ten count punches in corner, Tracey tells ref to look away and low blows Dundee following up the low blow with foot on the ropes pin.

The match went 22 minutes.

"That's called working. That's old school".

This play-by-play description of match can't convey how much I LOVED this match.

A MILLION BILLION STARS!!!!

IAN ROTTEN vs. DYSFUNCTION KRIS KRUEGER

DAMN. This maybe the greatest worked shoot EVER. Remember that really shitty thing at the end of Russo's WCW period where it was all about the worked shoot "oh he's not cooperating here". Well you may not remember since well no one watched WCW other than internet recappers at that point. But I remember reading about it and it being even shitty on paper. Well Vince Russo wishes he could be as great a booker as Ian. Ian totally pulls off a worked shoot. This is a match that you knew that he wasn't going to lose due to the stip, and yet he makes it look like he was booked to job and refuses because of heat with booker of MAW (they're running an inter-promotional feud).

Krueger comes in cocky taunting that he's gonna leave Ian's "#1 fan" (hell we're all Ian's #1 fans lately) bald and goes to plancha Ian. Ian moves out of the way and then it's all Ian. Krueger takes one of the most impressive beatings I've ever seen. There is a HORRENDOUS powerbomb on the floor. Ian also pulls out the shootstyle senton and makes me believe in a

figure four for the first time in ages. He beats and beats on Krueger, repeatedly lifting Krueger at two count. Krueger refuses to stay down for ten counts. Jim Fannon and Patty try to talk Ian into ending the match. They try to talk the ref into ending the match. Ian just lifts Krueger up for another nastier and nastier suplex.

After match Ian gives a heartfelt speech angry with ref, Patty and Fannin for messing with his business and the way he works his job. This is my job, this is what I do, don't question it. You get sucked up in the momentum of this angle and suddenly an indy inter-promotional feud takes on a personal element and you wonder what MAW will do for revenge.

"This is IWA MS, we are the fucking real deal... You want sports entertainment well fuck you, cause sports entertainment sucks."

RAIN vs. LACEY

A woman's match. Ian is a genius at card layout you have the nastiest one-sided beating I've ever seen and an anti-sports entertainment speech. And you sandwich that in-between a Tracey Smothers/JC Ice stall-a-thon and a woman's match. If you put that kind of match at end of a card, the message would be "this match is real" unlike everything else on the card. Sandwiching it between the two most S.E.-ish matches on the card leaves the message that all this has an element of realness. Tracey Smothers stalling and Rain shoving dollars into her top all get some of "the fucking real deal" cachet.

As for actual match: Rain's powerslam is better than Edge's and I wouldn't mind seeing a Rain vs. Miss Natural match.

TARECK THE GREAT vs. ACE STEEL

Ace Steel looks like Dirk Benedict as Lt. Starbuck on Battlestar Galactica. Tareck looks creepier than any of the Cylons---except Tareck has this real jovial shit-eating grin.

Both guys grunt loudly in the ring. Imagine a joshi match where they replace the screaming with grunting.

Steel ducks a clothesline too late and gets caught hard. Tarek hits a narsty michinoku driver that should have led to three count.

My favorite spot in this match is there's a point where Tarek tries to escape a hammerlock spot by doing the grab the leg escape...Steel pushes him off and refuses to let him do the escape. I really dug this..."fuck you ain't doing that escape".

They did one of those standoff/display of sportsmanship handshakes during match and put each over at the end of it. The little lack of cooperation in the hammerlock section was a nice break from all the friendliness.

FAT BOYS (MITCH PAGE/ROLLIN HARD) vs. MARK WOLF/BOBBY EATON

Ian marks out like nuts for having Bobby Eaton and well given the competition between Ian's IWA and Jim Cornette's OVW, Bobby Eaton is a huge coup. That said Bobby Eaton is really at the end of his career and doesn't even throw a crisp punch anymore. Bobby Eaton walking to ring put a smile on my face, seeing him in the ring just made me sad. Eaton doesn't do his signature thumb to eye or rake across top rope spots either.

Mean Mitch Paige seems to have gotten somewhat good as he has nice worked punches, good clothesline and sells for Eaton. Eaton sells "I'm an old man and I just tore out my back throwing a hiptoss" which is kind of compelling.

For guys who aren't much as singles wrestlers, Page and Hard are kind of a fun tag team. Hard has a nice clothesline and some good headbutts and both get in and out of ring fast enough so neither gets overexposed. Page punches and open handed slaps to Wolf's head till he opens up cuts.

About 25 minutes into the match (a match which has no business going 10) Tracey Smothers comes out and attacks Eaton. And IT'S ON!!!! Ian comes to separate the two and all Hell breaks loose.

ALL HELL BREAKING LOOSE:

This deserves being treated as separate match so I will treat it as such.

Ok remember all those UFO-NJ pull a parts...remember back when Zero-One match ended in a huge pull apart. THIS IS SO MUCH BETTER THAN THAT....Tracy attacks Eaton the lockers empty to separate the two.

Gooch, Bradley, Ian and Hero are the first ones out. Adam Gooch full on deserves cult worship because of his performance here as he manages to constantly feed himself to Tracy Smothers to take another punch, kick or beating. And then he continues to sell all the Tracy damage for rest of brawl. Tracy punches him in neck. Five minutes later he's right there feeding himself to Tracy to be punched in the eye, while still selling the neck.

Ian keeps on trying to talk Tracy down to no avail. Eaton wants a piece of Smothers, "You don't scare me Smothers". And this is total chaos. It really is based like a legit fight. Points of intense action than everyone trying to talk people down and then it all starts up again. Paced perfectly. Palmer comes out to separate two and gets slapped in eye. All the participants in tag get knocked around, chairs get upended. Tracy chases Eaton into the parking lot like it's Pritchard vs. Dirty White Boy. This is cooler than Pritchard vs. Dirty White Boy. Adam Gooch keeps on feeding himself to Tracy who tosses around and kicks him recklessly.

A pregnant stripper in the audience swings a barbed wire bat at Smothers. And the next thing you know she's running to her boyfriend "holding him back". You realize how much women "work" men in the wrestling sense as she holds her boyfriend back not to calm him but because

both her and the boyfriend are legit scared of out of control Tracy. During this whole section Gooch gets punched in the neck and stomped on.

Smother's offers Hero the Fuerza handshake and well Hero falls for it. Hero eats a clothesline and then Smother's steps on Adam Gooch.

Holy shit Adam Gooch is my one to watch for this year!!! Not based on his actual match but based on his performance here as he just keeps on feeding himself to Smother's. Adam Gooch shows a kind of commitment to pro-wrestling here that's just heartwarming. If Ross and Cornette meant any of that shit they talk about when going on about the history of the sport of kings and commitment to craft...Adam Gooch would have a WWE contract based on this brawl alone.

The crowd doesn't know what to make of the chaos, Smother's comes across legit like a crazy idiot. He is your drunken uncle at Thanksgiving who kicks the dogs and calls the family matriarch a "nasty bitch". He's out of control and no one knows what to do about it.

Smother's climbs into the ring and gives everyone the double middle finger. And he means it. Calls people idiots, calls for Eaton, asks for "that bitch with the bat...I'll spank her", "anyone want to get in the ring". Next thing you know Eaton's back out and the two of them are at it again... and here comes Adam Gooch again to eat more punishment.

Ian again tries to calm everything down, Francine tries to calm Smother's down. Tracy gets in the ring again. A fat guy in the audience challenges Smother's. The fat guy takes his shirt off and... HOLY SHIT , HIS BELLY HAS JOWELS!!!! I've never seen that before. His belly is like a cloud formation as you start to see faces and patterns in it. It looks like he's got the dog from the Never ending story stuck in one of his belly jowels. The guy with the belly jowels, takes his cigar and puts it out in his own arm. Aw fuck Tracy's gonna go after him, and the folks near him split. Then Ian gets in the ring and double leg takedown and Tracey's down. The crowd is relieved.

But that won't last long as as soon as they're separated Bobby Eaton comes by with a Moondogs style chairshot. And Tracy steps on Adam Gooch again. It's an impressive brawl that goes 25, which is pretty impressive cardio for two old men and just paced well.

The crowd is relieved when it's all over and I'm actually stoked at the idea of seeing Smother's vs. Eaton in the singles match which this is building to and that's what good booking should do of course...make you want to see the next match.

How the fuck did Paul E get booker of the year? Yeah there was no tag match with Chris Benoit on this card. But all the angles worked and got over. The women's match was better than any Smackdown women's match. The card was paced well so that nothing felt throw away. The surprise tag partner was a legit surprise The long main tag meaningfully leads to a singles match far better than Heymans tend to. Draygo/Gooch, Ian/Krueger, Smother's/Dundee all were either billion star affairs or close to billion star affairs. You want to see the next show. And fuck

this card had a bunch of no shows as the lead heel faction (the Bad Motherfuckers) all split town, and Ian still was able to not lose a step. And we still haven't gotten to the main event.

MAD MAN PONDO vs. NECRO BUTCHER

Holy shit Man Man Pondo is wearing a pair of JAMS. JAMS!!! Where can you still buy a pair of JAMS shorts these days? I'm disappointed he isn't wearing Ponys with them. He finds a pair of Ajs and he's my favorite wrestler. Necro Butcher looks more and more like a Don Martin cartoon character every time I see him. The bloodier he gets the more he looks like he should be in a MAD magazine gag strip (you fold the swimming pool in half and "hey that's Necro's face").

Beyond the JAMS, I'm slowly learning to appreciate Pondo. If Dean hadn't met Angie, I could kind of see him getting an art degree from VCU and doing performance based installation art that would eventually end mutate into what Pondo does.

Dean would sit there drunkenly proclaiming some bull shit about how it's not the piece of architecture that you create that matters but it's the process. The TRUTH is not in the text but rather in the process of writing. The ART isn't in the framed painting on the wall. The true ART is in the ACT of painting. It's the ACT that's MANLY AND WHIP-ASS~!

Pondo's installations are all about the impermanence of architecture and shit, he puts all this care into construction of sculptural creations that will inevitably be destroyed. It's about the effort and care that goes into temporary structures. Pondo creates objects meant to fall apart: temporary structures made of fragile materials. Pondo installations tell us that you must put care into these fragile structures. One can't help but reflect that humanity, we ourselves, are fragile structures created of impermanent materials designed to die...Pondo says that we should not let this scare us, we cannot be paralyzed by this knowledge but we must take care in making our lives artful.

It's kind of like those Tibetan Mandala paintings. The paintings must be understood by watching them getting made. The art is connected to the time and effort that the monks put into laying out the sand into patterns, but to truly appreciate them you need to watch the monks dis-mandala them (they just rub their hands through it undoing the sand paintings. I think the Dalai Llama would dig the fuck out of Mad Man Pondo's visionary architecture. I could see Samuel Mockbee digging it too.

So I've learned to kind of enjoy Pondo as dirt bag avant-garde episode of Trading Spaces. The problem of course is actually building a wrestling match around an episode of Trading Spaces. Home decorating is fascinating on its own but the "name on the marquee is wrestling" and all that.

Pondo comes into the ring and checks that all the light tubes are lined up symmetrically. Drago comes out as Pondo's intern, and most of match is spent with Pondo building structures and advising Drago how to better lay out light tubes to capture empty space. You can hum the Trading Spaces theme tune if you want.

Necro Butcher looks Job-like fighting for his humanity by embracing death. They try to make an actual match out of this by doing a really fun little face/heel thing at beginning and through Necro's selling. Necro sells his right arm through most of the match. Necro struggles with his right arm, struggles to straighten himself and fight on one armed. This gives Pondo more and more time to build more elaborate constructions.

Its like Hawkwind used to sing about. Neon totem poles stacked up into human zoos/a suicide machine. Necro Butcher is a starfish of human blood clutching his right arm. But he can fight like a sabotage rebel and tosses Pondo headfirst into a metal trashcan filled with light tubes. Its an impressive spot that Pondo does in Japan as well but it looks so much better here. The whole inside of the trashcan is painted a dark hue of red. Draygo moves a ligh tube or too to help capture the negative space. Wow not just one dark hue of red, but a whole range of reds against the metallic silver. Necro continues with the Job style selling, till he's a flypaper stuck with human life allowing Pondo to construct the ultimate stacked up suicide machine high rise.

Up and up and up were going and up and up and higher.

Does that smoke that comes out of broken light tubes make noise, because I swear I can almost make out Nik Turners flute about this point in the match.

In the end Necro goes through this most elaborate construction and legit tears straight through his left arm. It's a frighteningly nasty visual. Pondo gets the pin, an ambulance is called and the audience is hurried out.

And old man Charlie watched on, and hurriedly left to go to a wrestling show in Heaven. Them angels gonna have a hard time topping this.

"God Bless you, you old bastard"

~!~

GAEA 10/27/2003 MEGA RIDE
(by DEAN RASMUSSEN)

This was their big show in October and to show how cool GAEA is, they have this video thingy they show where they recap all the major angles with just some music playing over it and you can follow the whole thing with out them ever saying a word. That's the genius of good wrestling. Some folks hate other folks. Some folks want some respect. Some folks want a belt. Some folks ain't never liked that bitch ever. Some folks think other folks ain't shit. Some folks just wanna beat the fuck out some other folks. Your basic reasons to ever give a shit about a wrestling match.

Carlos Amano vs. Ran YuYu

Ran YuYu has the completely boss robe, with the red leather and embroidery, it matches her ability to convincingly deliver the intensity in the wrestling match. Carlos Amano is fabulous in her own way but YuYu has really distanced herself from the pack of JWP trainees she debuted with. This is joined mid-spinning Ace Crusher and Ran YuYu is already laying the leather to young Carlos. Carlos hits the nice extended Deadlift suplex and they smack each other in the head on the toprope - Carlos wins and follows up with a lariat. They do some Malenko-Guerrero roll-up sequences and Ran starts punching her in the face and then just knees the FUCK out of her in the corner. She misses a toprope kneedrop and Carlos flies into a Cross Armbreaker. They fight back on the turnbuckle with Carlos procuring an armbar but being shoved to the mat nonetheless. Ran drops the knee for two. Carlos comesback with a CAB and Ran hits a German and then hits a FABULOUS Brainbuster. She goes for another but Carlos turns it into a DDT and then hits a German with a bridge. Ran is a GODDESS because she fucking KILLS Carlos with the stiffest forearm you will EVER see. Carlos rolls through the roll-up and steals a win. I'd like to see all 14 minutes of this. Ran YuYu RULES.

Sugar Sato vs. Aja Kong

Sugar comes out to "Silver Springs" (I could be dreaming....) and has a barrel with her. Aja meets her on the ramp and they start roundhousing the hell out of each other. Aja sends her to the floor and SMASHES her with an Aja Kong Flying Refrigerator Tope. Then they take it the crowd and Aja throws a row of chairs at her. Aja rolls her back in and goes for and misses a toprope back elbow. Sugar does a series of Belly Bucks and hits an Exploder for two. Aja powers out of a piledriver and counters it into a NASTY powerbomb for two and starts taunting Sugar and giving her little kicks to the head. Sugar bridges out of toprope splash and stops trying to match power with Aja by hitting the Dragon Screw and getting leglock. Sugar hits a missile dropkick but Aja smacks her in the head and then brainbusts Sugar on the Aja Can. Another Brainbuster and Sugar bridges out again. Aja tries to throw her into the industrial barrel but Sugar reverses it and catches Aja with a roundhouse. Aja comebacks by slamming Sugar's head on the barrel but Sugar reverses a powerbomb attempt into a Nodawa onto the barrel for two. Sugar goes for her own powerbomb but Aja powers out and kicks young Sugar right in the face. She takes Sugar and stakes her on the top turnbuckle for a Superplex, but Sugar sunset flips Aja onto the barrel and Sugar smells blood. Aja hits a desperation roundhouse before falling down and buys herself some time. Sugar with a roundhouse for two and bashes her in the head with the barrell and hits another Exploder, a lariat and then does a Rufus R Freight Train Jones Runaway Train into a Body block for the win. I love Sugar, but it wasn't like this was Aja versus Meiko Satomura or Aja versus Chikayo Nagashima. Sugar is pretty limited and isn't a natural in the ring so Aja was pretty much struggling to keep it all under control. Taking that into consideration, this was perfectly fine.

Chigusa Nagayo/Lioness Asuka vs. Mima Shimoda/Etsuko Mita

Chigusa has the Tenzan mullet and you FREAK! There's a lot of weak chair shots and bad axe kicks by LCO. Chigusa does a lot of suplexes early. Lioness enters with a Giant Swing on Mima until more weak chairshots kick in. Someone needs to sit Mita and Shimoda down and tell them that their chair spots suck. God, they never end. Ugh, the rail ride spot that I hate. Anyway, Lioness gets into the spirit of the evening by blowing a gallon of blood out of her head. Chigusa

throws some presentable chairshots and they do stereo F-5s and Lioness hits two LSD's and gets the pin and we can get back to wondering why Mita and Shimoda aren't afraid to absolutely suck it sometimes. You need no part of this match.

The Predator/Spanky vs. Steve Corino/Low Ki

They kinda do one of those matches that Hogan always had Duggan around to do before the main event. No heat was lost. Spanky and Predator did some fun double team moves. Corino threw some nice punches. Low Ki was all tricked out. Spanky kisses Hirota and it was adorable.

Meiko Satomura/Ayako Hamada vs. Mayumi Ozaki/KAORU

This starts off all surreal like you would want it too. It's not REALLY as surreal as when Oz and KAORU are coated in their own blood and they show the stark spotlight on them and they are choking someone out with a blood-coated chain- like something out of a German art film or something. The surreal thing at the beginning is that the ring is just engulfed in streamers (I was tempted to create my own streamers when KAORU and OZ show up thigh high leather boots and cowboy outfits, but enough of my pathetic creepiness for this sentence) and KAORU and OZ attack while all these streamers are flying through the air and the ones that had already been thrown were tangled like kudzu and they are all four fighting and thrashing around in it. It's like they were fighting in rural Georgia but in Rural Georgia on Mars. Oh fuck me runnin, OZ has the leather shorts with the leopard print bellbottom boots? They fiddle with the ref and chain and Hot Art Chick Ref misses OZ finally getting in the Chained Urican on Meiko. Meiko does a spinning choke hold and escapes. Ayako enters via missile dropkick and is cut via legs up by OZ during moonsault. HOLY SHIT. KAORU has the camouflage stockings with garters to go with her white hotpants. WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS PROMOTION TRYING TO DO TO ME? Did they read my diary or something? They start brawling like motherfuckers on the floor but KAORU has the board so she wins. She drags Meiko in to break the count and Hirota pushes Policeman off the toprope onto the toprope onto his supposed testicles. Ayako hits the Orihara Moonsault and it is all spectacular and whatnot. She then hits the Rotation Powerbomb on Oz and the wrestling is distracting me from the punishing wardrobe of Oz and KAORU. Hot Art Chick Ref has Policeman removed and she is everything Danny Davis wasn't. Meanwhile, OZ is cheating like an absolute motherfucker, mauling Meiko with a chain and then KAORU keeps doing these fucking NASTY jawbreakers on the board with Meiko's jaw before just fucking crushing her with an Excalibur. And then another. Ayako makes the save and KAORU breaks her board over OZ's head accidentally and Ayako hoists Meiko up to do the Assisted Shining Wizard Axe Kick Variation for the win. Postmatch, KAORU and OZ beat everybody with chairs. That didn't seem like 23 minutes. Jesus Christ, that was disturbing and fun. Meiko and Ayako walk out with the belts, the trophies and the big bottle of wine. I no longer ask these questions....

Manami Toyota vs Chikayo Nagashima

This match rules it for the most part - except for the fact that the youngster is better at the psychology of wrestling than the woman who debuted in 1987. Manami has gotten way better though and has parlayed the cool cranky old bitch who hates young upstarts persona she hinted at in her final days with AJW into fuller bloom here - as Chikayo is custom made for her, what with her being a much smaller wrestler and also a real ace at every style of wrestling.

Chikayo is also really great at selling the offense of Toyota, selling it as champion with real fighting spirit but also as the much smaller wrestler in the match. Chikayo used the lessons she learned from selling for Aja and applied them here. Manami establishes her power dominance early with a knucklelock but Chikayo turns into her Tarantula Cross-Armbreaker - as speed and guile must elude power if it is to survive. Chikayo then goes up top but Manami throws her down and fucking DESTROYS her with a dropkick her while tied up in ropes - this being the move that Chikayo made look so balls out in the tag match. Manami tries other side of the ring by tying Chikayo in the ropes and going for the dropkick to the back again but Chikayo moves and Manami flies out of the ring, spectacularly zooming to the floor and landing straight on her back. Chikayo follows it with a double stomp off top to floor and Manami acts like she is coughing up a lung. Chikayo rolls Manami in and does another double stomp, but off topturnbuckle. Manami fights out of a Northern Lights Bomb and hits fabulous snap suplex - as Manami always throws spectacular suplexes with even larger wrestlers, so imagine the torque she can get on someone who weighs 100 pounds - to set up series of missile dropkicks. Chikayo runs up the ropes on third Missile attempt, catches Manami and rans into a roll-up. Manami kicks to transition and then does a nasty double leg drop that looked like it would rip Chikayo's hamstrings apart. Manami starts working on Chikayo's leg with a half crab that flows effortlessly into an Indian Deathlock that flows seamlessly into Bridging facelock. Manami loses bridge and goes back to a simple Indian Deathlock, which she converts into a hands-free Romero Special. It's a beautiful couple of combinations of lucha lucha mat-cum-US Pro Style matholds all executed masterfully. Chikayo sells the back and Manami stalks her, allowing to get over to the crowd that Chikayo has been weakened and that Manami is in control. Chikayo goes from the vertical base to a rollup into kneebar but Manami makes the ropes easily. Manami then goes from the vertical base to a Davey Boy Smith-esque extended Butterfly Suplex that she follows up with a Camel Clutch. Chakayo gnaws on Manami's foot to transition and Manami quickly switches to a bodyscissors to sustain the submission sequence until Chikayo makes ropes. Back to a vertical base, they run the ropes and Chikayo hits a Released German which Manami no-sells. Chikayo hits another one and Manami feels compelled to sell the second one. Chikayo hits a toprope missile dropkick that Manami no-sells. I'm fixing to get upset with young Miss Toyota but she hits a released German that Chikayo doesn't sell so I call it even and move on with my life. Chikayo straps on the Octopus Hold until Manami makes the ropes. Chikayo gets thrown out of the ring and Manami will still do those things that you know that no wrestler should ever attempt to do as she hits a fucking spectaculr and astoundingly stupid Ryder Kick to floor. Chikayo is sells it as Manami is dragging her by her hair. Chikayo wanders around the ring in a daze and Manami nails her with another missile dropkick to Chikayo's back. Chikayo catches Manami going up and hits a Released German which somehow works it's way through standing switches and shots into the ropes to the next offensive move being a sequence into a Toyota Rolling Cradle. Manami follows it up with an attempt at her third tier finisher - her Wrist Clutch Suplex, but Chikayo turns it into a roll-up. Chikayo hits a double stomp but Manami fights out of Nagashima's Northern Lights Bomb and hits her own German with a bridge. Manami still has the edge over the beaten Chikayo and goes for her Japanese Ocean Cyclone Suplex but Chikayo rolls through into a roll-up. More rollups ensue until Chikayo hits her first Northern Lights Bomb for 2, goes for second but Manami reverses it into a Straightjacket German with bridge - and it is at this point I realize that i want these two to wrestle each other 46 times before

they retire because the counters out of established finishers is all kindsa cool as shit. Chikayo with a Northern Lights Bomb for 2 but she misses the Double stomp and goes for a rana off the toprope - as Manami had scaled the ropes just prior. Manami catches before she can rotate on the hurricanrana and hits the FAT ASS powerbomb that is the turning point of the match. Chikayo hits a rollup to escape the next Queen Bee Bomb attempt and counters with a Tequila Sunrise Suplex to set up her somersault double stomp. Manami catches Chikayo going up for a second double stomp and gets in her first Japanese Ocean Cyclone Suplex for two. Chikayo staves off defeat by reversing out of Manami's Wrist Clutch Suplex into a roll-up for 2. Chikayo catches Manami going up the ropes and hits a Spyder Suplex out of the corner and sets up her two somersault double stomps for two. Manami is selling it like she has been eating at Jack In The Box. Manami tries to counter out of rana but Chikayo is feeling a resurgence in momentum and follow through with the roll-up. Manami feels it slipping away and goes for a second Japanese Ocean Cyclone Suplex but Chikayo turns it into a Tequila Sunrise Suplex but both are spent. Manami gets to feet first and hits a devastating Queen Bee Bomb. Chikayo struggles for the ropes to escape and the look on the face of Manami is fucking great as she realizes that she has her now and has to put her away. Manami goes for the kill but Chikayo escapes with a roll-up but can barely move much less hold the pinning predicament. Manami finally hits her second Queen Bee Bomb and gets the win. Postmatch, Manami is a total bitch by taunting Chikayo and YOU and I'll love it. Rematch already! Manami was like Misawa at the end there - trying to figure out what it would take to put the young punk away and Nagashima was the perfect mix of champion taking on the outsider and ALSO the underdog wrestling the older larger opponent. It a fascinating match-up that I don't think even Manami vs Meiko will match. In the ring, they go all angletastic as Yamada looks on in contempt at Manami and her cronies. Devil joins Aja and Manami. Lioness turns on Chigusa and joins the new stable. Chigusa makes that look of betrayal that no one else in wrestling can make. GAEA rules.

~!~

WAR 5th Anniversary Show (7/6/97) (by PHIL RIPPA)

This turns out to be a WAR Anniversary show and Tenryu's 20th Anniversary in wrestling. This is not the full show as I am still awaiting the LLPW match and only a couple of matches seem to be shown in their entirety. Not that I am complaining about missing most of this stuff.

Tomohiro Ishii/ Shouichi Ichimiya/Masaaki Mochizuki vs. Takashi Okamura/ Shigeo Okumura/
Yoshikazu Taru - no wait - Tadahiro Ishii/Shoichi Ichinomiya/Shikeo Okumura vs. Takashi
Okamura/Masaaki Mochizuki/Yoshikazu Taru

The one thing I have learned about all these tapes from Dean is that I will need to go through the entire dynamic tapelist tape by tape to correct all the bizarre matchlists that Dean has. This is all sorts of enjoyable as everyone isn't afraid to try and stiff the fuck out of each other. Being clipped will also probably be beneficial to us all. It's all sorts of early BattlARTS. Mochizuki – who looks a lot better here than in the Lance Storm match – and his boys and bringing the kicks of their Judo training (or the kicks of their Tae Kwan Do training or Karate or Drunken Boxing or whatever the heck their discipline is supposed to be. Plus, if you are a mark for bad hair and

bad pants – you will be all about this match. I am thinking Ishii takes the prize with the blinding lime green and orange trunks that I am guessing are to make sure that people on Neptune can make out the action. Yikes.

Ryo Miyake vs. Battle Ranger

I really wonder whom Dean stole this matchlist from (I have ruled out Loreface and Jason Campbell) because the spelling of “Battlanger” amuses me. Battle Ranger sure is fun and he hits his highspots and the rest is clipped away. The most baffling clip happens in the match as one moment Battle Ranger is being whipped into the ropes, the next he is taking about the closest thing to a Ganso Bomb that WAR has ever seen. Poor crushed little fella.

Takashi Ishikawa/Kishin Kawabata vs. Jun Kikuchi/Osamu Tachihikari

Okay – I really need to figure out where the fuck Dean got this matchlist (Socha maybe?). For this match, the listing says “Osamu Tachihikari/ Sayuri Okino/ Sayuri Okino vs. Takashi Ishikawa/ Atsushi Kikuchi/ Kishin Kawabata”. Okino transcends the sport so much that two of him wrestles on the same tag team. I am also guessing I am not getting the ladies tag match with the LLPW workers in it. Mind you, with the zebra pants, Kawabata could be Rumi Kazami and with the man boobs, Osamu could be Eagle Sawai – if you squint hard enough. Jun Kikuchi has this orange Mohawk that makes him look like one of the dyed rabbits from that episode of the Brady Bunch. Such the unfortunate ring attire. The only thing you will care about is how grumpy Osamu is after the match.

Arashi/Shinichi Nakano vs. Joel Deaton/Tatsuo Nakano

I am sure Deaton was all sorts of confused, wondering why Stan Hansen wasn't his partner at the moment. I kinda wish Billy Black was his partner at the moment but we all know that I am goofy. I was prepared to make a wild claim in regards to Deaton and best wrestling cowboy in Japan but then I remembered Hansen and the Funks and the Windham Brothers. BILL IRWIN!!! Joel Deaton was definitely better than Bill Irwin. Scott.... well the jury is still out there. I am not sure how far into this match we start but its pretty great, as Tatsuo isn't afraid to absolutely destroy everything in his path. Poor poor Shinichi comes out on the wrong end of the Nakano vs. Nakano battles. Arashi was all sorts of grumpy and this was fun if unremarkable. Tatsuo Nakano was clear feeling it the most in the match with Arashi being second. Shinichi's willingness to get pummelled won his way into my heart. The years were most certainly catching up with Deaton here. Even ends up doing the job to an Arashi top rope splash. I mean, come on people, Shinichi was standing right there trying to count his teeth. Oh man – Arashi's celebratory dance is off the charts.

Yoshikai Fujiwara vs. Abdullah the Butcher

Clipped and Joined in Progress are my favorite words of the moment. This is exactly what you would expect it to be – pooppy. In a shocking twist, Fujiwara applies the Fujiwara armbar. He also procures Abby's fork and does the Fujiwara Fork Stab. The camera shot of Abdullah's fountain of blood is pretty beautiful or gruesome, depending on your point of view. Watching the Butcher carry a match was pretty unusual. Still not good. Watch it if you are really really into theater of the absurd.

Yuuji Yasuraoka vs. Masao Orihara - WAR International Junior Heavyweight

This is one of Dean's all time favorite matches and he has written about it several times so we can just move on. (Though it isn't as good as Dean thinks it is. Shh..... don't tell him. He will cry and cry and cry.)

Kouki Kitahara/Nobukazu Araya/Lance Storm vs. Kouji Kitao/Nobukazu Hirai/Tommy Dreamer - World 6-Man Tag Team Championship

Speaking of stuff Dean has reviewed. This was a throw away review in #61

"Kitahara has the best first name of anybody in wrestling- Kouki! WOO-HOO! (I do the "lend me your comb joke" and only me and fellow codger Jeff Amdur will laugh.) Kitahara is the best low-rent approximation of Hashimoto and he's my fave of the WAR heavies (YEP!). Hirai has fire on (and maybe in) his pants and is really okay when being beaten to death by Lance Storm. Kitoa only stinks up the proceedings for a few seconds, so this was pretty good. Araya is somebody's nephew or something. Tommy Dreamer is TRULY pathetic in this and that is while being compared to non-too-swift company he's in with."

Aww.... Dean had already turned on Tommy Dreamer. And, this wasn't very good. That was determined after three piledrivers were no sold in the first 90 seconds. Araya getting hurt might have been the best thing that ever happened to him. Since he was so woefully out of shape back in the day.

Genichiro Tenryu vs. Tarzan Goto

This had no business being as enjoyably watchable as it was. I mean its Tarzan Goto who I don't recall ever liking. Plus, Tenryu isn't afraid to torture us all with some of his performances. I was expecting crowd brawling, crowd brawling, some bleeding and then some more crowd brawling. Instead, they contain themselves to the ring and to the wrestling. Tarzan scares us all by doing some basic takedowns. This one of those cases where really fat guy does some wrestling and it is enjoyable but doesn't make one great. But that is a whole different kind of rant. Early story is that Goto catches Tenryu trying an enziguri and starts to maim Tenryu's foot. Right down to ripping off his boot and stomping away on the unprotected foot. Goto throws a really great looking elbow drop. This is so confusing. The boot eventually gets tossed to the crowd forcing Tenryu to wrestle the rest of the match bootless which is a really bizarre visual. I kinda kept thinking maybe that was a look that Hardbody Harrison should have tried. Tenryu transition to offense by using a series of kicks with his injured foot is bothersome. Then we get the Heyman storyline of the night. As Goto tries to break a bottle on Tenryu, he is prevented by the ref. This leads to a ref bump and the ref getting the bottle smashed on his head. Tenryu is all "we don't need no ref" and Goto is all "bring it on, old man" and then someone I should immediately recognize but it is late and I am tired grabs the bloody ref shirt and is all " Let's get is on motherfuckers." Headbutts and chops are exchanged wearing each man down but neither can get a victory. Neither wrestler bleeds, which is fairly shocking considering the amount of scare tissue each guy is sporting. The dead ref is back in the ring and the bad looking powerbombs begin. So so many. It takes about five, but Tenryu is finally about to get the win.

Despite the many flaws, still one of the best Goto matches I have ever seen. Which should act as an indicator of the fat man's career.

~!~

RESLO 1995 - Part Two

(by DEAN RASMUSSEN)

Ulf Herman/ Ice Train/August Smisl vs. John Hawk/Cannonball Grizzly (PN News)/Danny Collins:

When we pick up again, it's all Austrian CWA footage and we are all excited about anyone wrestling named Smisl. Smisl is actually pretty good, as he looks like he was trained by Brad Rheingains and does a lot of powermoves - sort of in the wasteland between the horror of Rheingains trainee Scott Norton and sheer delight of Rheingains greatest training triumph, Big Van Vader. Smisl and Danny Collins have a "big guy is stronger than little guy but the little guy is fast and does a lot of flippy things" Match but pretty early, Smisl hits a big Rib Breaker and a Powerslam and Danny Collins is eliminated after only getting in one running up the ropes Moonsault thingy. John Hawk comes in and he would go on to fame as WWF shower monitor/anal prober Bradshaw. Smisl has a comically HUGE forehead but tags out before I can come up with the joke about being able to carve the whole Magna Carta in his forehead and still have room for the Treaty Of Paris. En Lieu (more French! Oo La La!) we have Ulf Herman leaning into some really stiff shots from Bradshaw. Bradshaw hits the turnbuckle after Ulf moves and Smisl brings his kizzick Assizzle Offensizzle to the young future HOSS and makes with a lariat off the top and a couple on the ground and thus he HAD to be trained by Brad Rheingains. Bradshaw pokes eyes to TRANSITION~! and PN News kicks him in the back when he hits the ropes and Bradshaw hits a fucking BEAUTIFUL Western Lariat to eliminate Smisl. And you and I realize for the first ime in our lives that we are.... we are suddenly Smisl-less to the maxizzlement and we quite unhappy at the de-Smislization that has invaded our private world. Bradshaw beats the fuck out of Ulf... hold on. Let me stop the tape for a second and let me TRY to describe what PN News hair looks like here. I guess Austria in 1995 would still find a Mr T haircut on a really fat black man to be really threatening. I could see it I guess. The thing is that he has the Road Warrior Animal cut but he is ALSO really sporting the Male Pattern Baldness. I think this is where Mr Zero got the inspiration for his mask. Plus it goes to this creepy balding widow's peak on the top of his head. It like a brave attempt at avoiding a comb-over but he couldn't bring himself to shave his head. Okay. I think I got it back enough together to watch the rest of this. Here we go... Bradshaw beats the living shit out of Herman who does fire off a nice dropkick before getting stomped some more. Bradshaw tags out to News who has the three legged starfish on his head and Ulf tags in... HOLY SHIT! That's fucking ICE TRAIN. ICE TRAIN. Goddam did he suck it. Will he REALLY blow goats in this? PN reels him in and just stays on offense to keep Shit Train from stinking things up too much. Ice Train takes a 747 from News and we pray for his elimination. Instead, News bumps gigantic over the toprope after an Irish Whip and doesn't make the count. So you got Ulf Herman, Bradshaw and Ice Train and what you don't have is a firmer belief in a kind and merciful God. Bradshaw crushes Ice Train with a lariat and then hits a NASTY looking toprope forearm. Okay, Ice Train will lean into that and my hate is dissipating. Bradshaw hits a nasty big boot. Ice Train counters with a pretty loose

lariat - which is odd because Bradshaw doesn't seem to be actually pulling anything. Ice Train tags Ulf and Ulf hits a Piscada. Bradshaw reverses Ulf into the ropes and hits another big boot and then hits another fat lariat for the elimination of Ulf - ONE WOULD THINK! Ice Train makes the save and tags in and they do a buncha avalanches in the corner until Bradshaw throws Ulf over the top. Bradshaw misses a lariat and Ice Train catapults Ulf over the toprope to hit a slingshot-styled lariat to get the win. AMAZINGLY good match considering the mega-WAR-like weirdness involved. I hate Ice Train less now.

Tony St. Clair vs. Masa Chono

Jesus, this match is fucking great. Masa Chono should have gone down as the better version of Kawada but his stupid body had other ideas for him. Here, he gets in with a game Tony St Clair - who is ten years after the fact by this point in his fabled career - and they have a really nasty, tough, hard-edged Old School Pro Wrestling match and I adore it. Chono starts early, freaks out and stomps St Clair in the stomach a bunch and then proceeds to throw so really great punches to St Clair's face. St Clair shows why he is an all-star import for Fujiwara's Old School MUGA promotion by countering Chono massive brawling assault by quickly getting Chono in a Fujiwara armbar. Chono fights out against the hold, never letting St Clair cinch it in until he can finally hit the ropes. Chono feels the switch in psychology of the match and works the headlock. St Clair escapes and Chono goes back to his full frontal assault by throwing REALLY great punches that St Clair sells like death. Chono beats him down and gets his first submission attempt - his then feared STF - but Clair makes the ropes. Chono dickishly doesn't break the hold and the comical referee gives Chono a yellow card. Chono responds by throwing St Clair to the floor so Chono can undo the padding on the turnbuckle and cheat even more. EVIL! Chono slams St Clair on a table and kicks him in the stomach. Chono throws St Clair into the ring and kills him with a Yakuza kick. St Clair then takes another directly to the face and HEY! no-sells it. This is a great match with one gigantic flaw from the old guy who should fucking know better. SOOOOOOO St Clair whips out the Sleeper since Pro Wrestling suddenly no longer affects the aging St Clair that Chono breaks up by slamming St Clair into the corner. St Clair kinda completes his channeling of 1995 Kensuke Sasaki by making with the stiff-as-fuck chops that the twenty years younger Masahiro Chono counters with a great Old School punch to jaw and it FUCKING RULED. Chono follows with a toprope shoulderblock that looks absolutely devastating in the context of the match. He goes for a second one but St Clair punches him in the stomach as he ducks it. St Clair hits a Spry Corpse Toprope Cross Body that Chono rolls through for two. Chono cuts him off by throwing him out to floor again. Chono just beats the fuck out of the older gentleman and sets him up against the ringpost for the coop de gracie but misses the running charge BIG and goes shoulder first into ringpost. Chono then gets slammed on table and I'm assuming this is where Chono would whip out the blade and bleed like Ted DeBiase - since he is working the rest of match like Ted DiBiase. For whatever reason, Chono doesn't blade- as this is Austria and not the Louisiana Superdome - not that that would be any excuse. You hit the ringpost like that, we true wrestling fans want blood. It is the LAW. St Clair hits three elbows to the head that look like really high lariats and uses this new momentum to get Chono in an Octopus hold until Chono flips him over. St Clair hits that toprope somersault dropkick that Akira Hokuto and Hikari Fukuoka useta do and he then misses a NASTY toprope kneedrop. Chono fires back with kicks to the head until enzuguri by St Clair cuts off his last flurry of offense. St Clair sneaks in a DDT and rolls up Chono for the pin. Masa Chono was motherfucking

AWESOME as he was only sort of shell of his former self physically at this point. It makes me wonder how great he would have been- a question I posed to myself about once a year. And that is episode 2 of the beloved RESLO~! More next week!

~!~

~!~ SINGLES GOING STEADY ~!~

~!~

Doug Williams vs. Jackie Pallo Jr. - Walthamstow, England, 7/7/95

(by PHIL RIPPA)

This is off a tape unfortunately named "EWA Sabu's European Break" because of the Sabu vs. Dirtbike Kid match that is the main event. (Reviewed in #101) The rest of the card is comprised of this tournament/cup/classic/invitational/memorial thingy. The five year old Doug Williams is one of the few folks in shape for this fed, thus his working three matches on the evening – this one, one against Witch Doctor and one against Judge Dredd. My copy of the tape only has the Williams matches on it so I will need to borrow Dean's copy to see if Big T is the same as the forgotten Big Pappa T. BIG PAPPA T! Jackie Pallo is the meanest member of Parliament. He is out to smack the young Williams around and earn him some respect. Pallo's offense is uppercuts, hair whips and chokes. Oh, the extended choking sections. He also jawjacks with the crowd that is, regretfully, filled with ECW idiots waiting for Sabu to come out and clutch his knee and wrist. 1995 Doug Williams looks exactly like 2002 Real World/Road Rule Challenge Puck. He also gets about as much offense as Puck would get in a match. Williams takes his beating fine and dandy. His big transition is the jawbreaker so he has had that move in his pocket forever. Its kinda painful to watch Williams get his big offensive flurry, he gets confused, forgets/doesn't understand what he is supposed to do, throws a clothesline like he was trying not to tear a bicep and has to resort to applying a headlock for lack of any other moves. The idiots in the crowd chant "boring" and "We want blood" and I am filled with hate. Eventually, Williams catches the slow moving Pallo with a rope assisted sunset flip and advances on. As much as I like Williams and even though he was very limited in the ring and him advancing makes a lot more sense, Pallo going over would have been such the great "Fuck you" to the fools in crowd. Each passing day, I hate ECW more and more.

Rock 'N' Roll Express (Ricky Morton/Robert Gibson) vs. Heavenly Bodies (Stan Lane/Tom Pritchard) – WCW Sat Night (2/6/93)

(by PHIL RIPPA)

I am not sure if that date is the aired date or taped date as the late, great Vanes Naldi's matchlists are a little unclear. (Safer money is on aired date) In addition, I am an idiot. This is one heck of an impromptu match. The story goes like this. Jim Cornette, the Bodies and Bobby Eaton come through the crowd during the show "startling" Jim Ross – it would have been even better if Ross hadn't kept staring into the crowd waiting for something to happen. Cornette demands to see Bill Watts because he is pissed that footage was shown of the Bodies losing to the Rock 'n' Roll Express in Smokey Mountain. So, as Eaton stands there, Pritchard fluffs his amazing perm and Stan Lane tries to figure out who his mysterious attacker was, Watts and Cornette have a battle of words. THEN the Express comes out and there is anger and hate and violence is a brewing. Watts busts out the "ring is neutral territory" line and suddenly we have a

ref in the ring and a match in progress. Ricky Morton is wearing the most disturbing pair of what appears to be red longjohns. I certainly hope we aren't treated to a shot at the little face in peril. This is all R'N'R early as the Bodies are bumbling fools (one could theorize that this from them actually being thrust into conflict as opposed to just running their mouths, like all cowardly bullies). This is all sorts of fast paced and crowd pleasing. Robert actually goes for a slingshot bulldog (blocked but he counters out of that too) and Ricky hits a sweet looking hesitation hurricanrana. Bobby Eaton ends up taking the first huge bump of the evening as he gets bounced off the apron and FLIES backwards in what seemed to be an attempt to get him several weeks vacation (if only this wasn't a Watts fed). Finally, the tide turns as Morton is caught and catapulted to the floor is a huge bump for a promotion that wasn't letting guys come off the top rope (Though I actually think that might have been rescinded by this point in history but I really don't want to check and my inner conversation is filling this review out.) Okay – that first part of the match was just over three minutes long. Morton plays himself for about 90 seconds before the rolling hot tag shows up so you can see how this was such the TV match. The crowd is going wild and Gibson is punching away, chest hair flying in the fury. DOUBLE DROPKICK! BY GOD ALLMIGHTY, DOUBLE DROPKICK! That gets Eaton interference #2 and this one earns a DQ. Morton gets creamed with a Veg-A-Matic and the lockroom gets wasted as they try to make the save. We cut away and I remember when I used to love wrestling.

EAGLE CRUISERWEIGHT TOURNAMENT 01 - HEAVEN vs GENTARO (PART 2) (by DEAN RASMUSSEN)

HEAVEN: I FEIGN a punch- like an ocelot toying with his pathetic prey
LOCK UP WITH ME! AND WE'LL ROCK THIS HOUSE IN AN OLD SCHOOL WAY!

GENTARO:I throw your ass in the corner with more power than you can take!
Take a kick in the stomach enlieu of a clean break!

H: I am a WALKING CONTRADICTION! THE OPPOSITE OF MY NAAAAAME!
I can take a kick you in your fat stomach and GIVE BACK THE SAME!
My mind is racing, thinking of ways to DO YOUUUUUU HAAAAARM!
YES! YES! YES! THE KEY IS TO WRING YOUR ARM!

GT: Stupid motherfukkah, my agility is too sublime,
the way I roll out of your arm-wringer is the D to the I to the vine!

H: Not if I REVERSE IT AGAIN!
GT: HA! I reverse it AGAIN!
H: HA! And I with the reversal!
GT: THE REVERSING OF THE REVERSAL!

H: GENNNNNTTTTAAAAARO! Your wrestling is way below medium!
I will get you in a front chancellory into a snapmare to break this tedium!

GT: You hide your artlessness in the Old School Style!
H: HA! The beauty of my armdrags throw you out the ring in a pile!
Note the fanciness of my barrellroll tope as you catch me
I kick you as you come in- Old School like Baron von Raschke!

GT: More old School than ME? you can suck my dick-a, son
a reversal into a Russian Leg Sweep just like Phil Hick-a-son!

GT: I transitalize with a dropkick to send you out like an Old School mutha-
but bring it back to the Oh-One with a springboard senton to floor like
Misterio's Brutha!
A punch to head and stomach and roll back into ring.
FEEL MY SNAPMARE, GEE- IT'S MANLY THING!
YES! MY MANLY snapmare and an elbow kick in tummy
into an Irish whip I verily throw the dummy!

H: I escape your weakass shit and I catch you with a STOMP-ah
you make the face like when Ryama Go is hittin it in your RUMP-ah

GT: I roll you up and it's twirly and whirly
like when I roll-up and git it with your favorite girly.
Eat my superkick, my slam and I'ma bust your ass...

(suddenly!)
JET FREEZER: I'm JET FREEZAH-
hose the skeezahs- they keep coming back cuz they I got the pleezah.
Ice in my veins- girliez on my junk, no moonsault today- you on your ass like a
punk!

H: Jizzet Frizzeezer! Your on time like Timex, lemme hit my climax with a
facebustah
This motherfucker gets a swanton- so I get my hate on- with EssTee to the OH
braindustah

REFEREE: Jet FREEZAH, I 'm the refereezah! You ain't Jimbo from Mempho- let me
show you where you gotta go!

GT: Old School GENTARO is like Popeye with the Spinach-
Dig my Memphis Schoolboy motherfucking finish!

REFEREE: Check baby check baby ONE TWO THREE!

2B CONTINUED